

# Erindalian

Volume 6 No. 5.

Oct. 23/73.



Premier Davis at Open House



## COLMAN HOUSE NUMBER 2.

By now, I guess most people realise that Colman House is not the wide-open drop-in centre that it has been in the past. I even suppose that quite a few people are upset after finding themselves locked out of Colman House in the evenings. Even I felt strange when I tried the front door last night. And realised regretfully that it was locked.

The reasons for the somewhat stricter security for Colman House are not new, by any means, but I feel that you, the reader, has a right to know what they are. The Colman House, at one time, had beautiful lounge furniture, filling three complete rooms. Now all that remains is enough battered and worn furniture to fill half the T.V. room! In other words, Colman House has been ripped-off for enough furniture to fill five living rooms!

This is only the beginning of the list. Radio Erindale had installed

two speakers in the Ugly's Pub (now Murphy's coffee shop) and one more in the Colman Garage (now the General Store). Needless to say, those speakers are no longer there.

The rug on the T.V. room floor was a beautiful, thick, plush place to sit down on. Unfortunately, some wise guy poured acid on it, burning it beyond repair.

If you go downstairs to the Erindalian office, don't miss the scenic wall opposite the Erindalian door. It has four gaping holes - obviously, the work of a human being.

Colman House has three fantastic fireplaces. None of them are fit for use, and fireplaces don't ruin themselves.

Last, but not least, on this "encouraging" list, concerns certain animal acts committed in the House during the last two weeks of September. Upon taking over responsibility for the Colman Place

## OPEN HOUSE SUCCESS

### ATTENDANCE AT OPEN HOUSE

Visitors to the Library (including moon rocks and other EPS displays, Chinese Students Association, and Library exhibits):

12:45 - 1:45	335
1:45 - 2:45	520
2:45 - 3:15	375
3:15 - 4:15	925
4:15 - 5:15	433
5:15 - 5:45	125

Total Library Visitors: 2,713

### CANADIAN POET VISITS ERINDALE

MISSISSAUGA - Prominent Canadian poet and woman of letters, Dorothy Livesay, will visit Erindale College of the University of Toronto on October 24.

In a lecture that is open to the public, Dr. Livesay, will visit Erindale College of the University of Toronto on October 24.

In a lecture that is open to the public, Dr. Livesay will read from her own collected poems in Rm. 290 of the Preliminary Building at 12 noon October 24.

Known chiefly as a poet, Dorothy Livesay's eleven books of poetry have been assembled in *Collected Poems, The Two Seasons*, McGraw-Hill-Ryerson, 1972. *Day and Night* (1944) won the Governor-General's Award for that year, as did *Poems for People* in 1947. In 1948, for her contribution to Canadian Letters, she received the Lorne Pierce Medal from the Royal Society of Canada.

Dorothy Livesay is the author of many critical articles and reviews, as well as short stories. Since 1966 she has been teaching Canadian Literature at universities across the country: New Brunswick, Alberta, Manitoba and currently, Victoria.

Packed house at opening ceremonies (left).

A private joke (right).

### EXTENSION EXHIBIT

One of the exhibits which captured the interest of many visitors to Open House was that of the Extension Department. Eager to supply information about Erindale's rapidly expanding extension programme were Marjorie Cooper and Cathrine Campbell. The 59 courses offered in 73-74 have attracted over 1200 enthusiastic students. A major drawing card are the first year courses of the M.B.A. programme, the department's first excursion into the post grad field. The course was a direct response to a Sheridan Park Research Centre survey indicating a demand for such a programme in the Mississauga area. It has drawn many students such as engineers who now find themselves involved in the administration of their various companies.

The bulk of the extension student population seems to be made up of teachers who are upgrading themselves. Many are attracted particularly to the late afternoon sessions offered for the first time this year.

One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the extension programme is Mrs. Audrey Beattie, now in her second year. Interviewed

at Open House, Mrs. Beattie said that being part of the extension division has added to her fulfilment as a housewife and mother. Her family's reaction? They think it's great!

Mrs. Beattie believes that in the past a stigma has been attached to evening classes as being somewhat inferior to day classes but she finds that this is far from being the case. If anything, she adds, they are more stimulating than day courses, possibly because the professors respond positively to the keen interest shown by all their students, none of whom are there to "kill time" as are some of their day students. A class of students as pleasant and enthusiastic as Audrey Beattie would be rewarding to be part of, as a student or as a teacher.

The Extension programme seems to be a perfect solution for homemakers and working people who are not totally satisfied with their present position.

Other points of interest in the Preliminary Building during Open House included the Canadian Labour History exhibit of Professor Desmond Morton, the Language Learning Labs, and the exhibit of the German Club.

Diane Dowd



S.A.G.E. meeting

Tues. Oct. 23rd  
5:15 pm.

Room to be  
posted outside  
SAGE office.

### INSIDE :

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page 6 and 7: Reviews.

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# Erindalian

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Editor  
News Editor  
Sports Editor  
Managing Editor

Matt Shakespeare  
Neil Sherman  
Tom Maloney  
Leo Upenicks

## Contributors

Coleen Sadler  
Peter Smith  
Bill Larose  
Diane Dowd  
Terry Dinsmore  
Doug Mills  
Harrie Vredenberg  
Carl Melo  
Scott Day

Bob Wallace  
Alex Vezer  
John Haalboom  
James Fullard  
Cathie Rosa  
Gregg Micheal Troy  
Alex

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I must take exception to a number of points of the editorial on page one of the Oct. 16 issue of the Erindalian.

Either the representative of the Erindalian was asleep or absent from the room for a large portion of the meeting. The assertion that the meeting, "produced little in the way of new or constructive reforms in the interest of the student body at Erindale-- is fallacious, naive and inaccurate.

Perhaps the author of the editorial failed to read the article on the A.S. Neil Centre. Perhaps the failed to follow up the meeting with journalistic zeal. Perhaps the author is not "playing with a full deck". Secondly, the author does not appear to have a full grasp of the structure and functions of S.A.G.E. The majority of the budget was allocated for the various SAGE functions - Murphy's, The Watering Hole, The handbook, etc. The Clubs are not part of ASGE but are autonomous units which seek funding from us.

Thirdly, those "ridiculous rules" are not instituted to lend dignity to student government. They are used to facilitate discussion in a rational manner rather than revert to anarchistic confusion. We've got all the dignity we need (zero).

Finally, on the inadequacy of the budget. What is an adequate budget? If we had a million bucks, it would be inadequate. This summer SAGE had the option to increase the student fees, which we did not do, as we felt money was available in other coffers for programmes and projects. It was our opinion that a

more responsible approach was to work rather than raise fees. As I am on the subject of responsibility, may I suggest that The Erindalian demonstrate a little responsibility when reporting and editorizing.

Peter Smith

Dear Editor,

About the Brother Bee Column: Did you know that Peoria Illinois is the only city with that name in the entire state?

Did you know that water boils at 100° C?

Did you know that the Humber River was probably named after some guy called Humber?

Did you know that the first guy who was killed in Vietnam was probably some schmuck who had no idea what was happening to him?

Did you know that people want to read worthwhile articles and columns in the paper?

For god's sake man, get some truly interesting and truly controversial material in the paper.

Sister Cee.

## OPENING HOUSE

After weeks of preening, cleaning, beautifying, straightening, and general hustle-bustle, Erindale opened its welcoming arms to the community of the world. We are now open. With due ceremony, the key, which will fit no door, was handed to Premier Davis by Dean Robinson and Erindale's new building was opened. Though not completely finished due to a lack of furnishings, we can all be proud of the new sterility employed in the building that houses the facilities

opening house contd pg 7

### EVERYONE'S A WINNER AT THE UoT

STUDENTS ARE REQUESTED TO NOMINATE THE BEST AND THE WORST PROFS. THEY HAVE COME ACROSS. NO LIMIT TO THE NUMBER OF ENTRIES. IN TWENTY FIVE WORDS OR MORE EXPLAIN WHY HE OR SHE IS IN YOUR ESTIMATION GOOD OR BAD.

#### CATEGORIES:

FIRST YEAR...SCIENCE

" "...HUMANITIES

" "...SOCIAL SCIENCES

SECOND YEAR...SCIENCE

" "...HUMANITIES

" "...SOCIAL SCIENCES

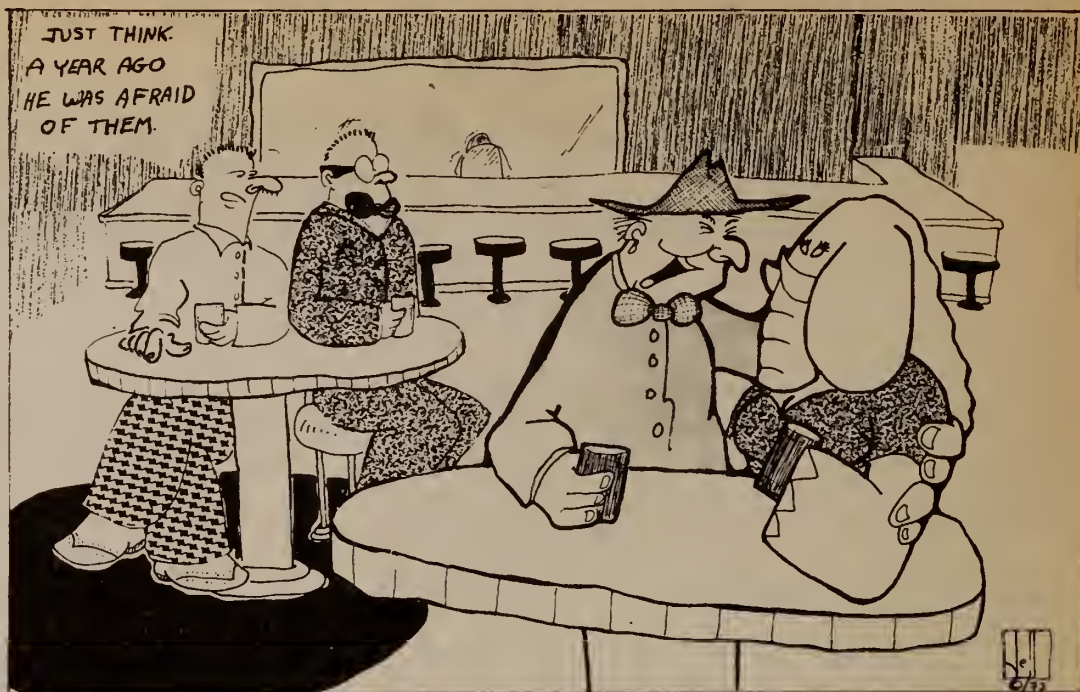
THIRD AND FOURTH YEAR...SCIENCES

" " " "...HUMANITIES

" " " "...SOCIAL SCIENCES

BE SURE TO DESIGNATE COURSE AND YEAR YOU ENROLLED IN THE COURSE. DESCRIBE THE INSTRUCTORS APPROACH, ATTITUDE AND TEACHING ABILITY. NAMES OF THE 9 BEST AND 9 WORST PROFESSORS WILL BE POSTED AND PUBLISHED IN THE ERINDALIAN AND VARSITY.

SEND ENTRIES BY CAMPUS MAIL TO THE ERINDALIAN OFFICE NO LATER THAN MIDNIGHT, NOVEMBER 1st, 1973.



## EDITORIAL

It seems to me that there are a very few carrying the weight of the many. And I don't speak personally. (Don't hand me anymore rubbish such as: "That's the way it's always been. - I'm REALLY TIRED of that.") A few do this type of work for many, many others. A few do that type of work for many, many more. Why?

Simply because it is human nature to take advantage of a situation which will benefit one's self at hardly any or no expense to one's self. If it costs somebody else, there can usually be found a person willing to pay the cost.

Now, it would be "a lot nicer" for everyone to share the work-load, but it would be a helluva lot tougher to get any work done in any kind of reasonable time. Why not let a few

do the work? There is less haggling, dissent and whatever else goes along with trying to get the "OK" of a majority of a group. So people complain: "I don't like the way that was done.--, "This could've been handled better.", "If they hadda spent alittle more time on it, it would have been a lot better.--, "I could have done better myself.", etc., etc., ad nauseum.

BUT: The people willing to get the work done MUST ignore these people and use a strong, forceful hand in making sure the things DO get done. (ie. The ideal government is a one-man dictatorship. Benevolent, of course.) Since these people are the ones doing the work, then they can do it any way they please (within certain limitations, of course.), anytime they are able.

and can do a poor, mediocre, or good job, depending on how much time, effort and willingness they have.

Otherwise, it probably wouldn't get done.

So if somebody doesn't like what's happening, they can't do anything about it, unless they do the work themselves. Since most people sit on their spotty behinds, doing nothing, then I take it that they are only complaining for the sake of complaining just to keep the workers on their toes - and don't really give a damn what is being done.

Therefore: We must be doing a good job or, at least, a mediocre job.

MATT.

## REPORT FROM MONSTER ISLE — CAPTAIN REALITY

Thanks should be extended to Gorgeous George Stegeman and all the people who participated in Open House. Erindale should consider making the event an annual affair in order to maintain links with the community. Of course Wild Bull Davis would not necessarily have to make an appearance very time. On the other hand, it gives his constituents an opportunity to see him in person, a very rare occurrence.

The residence village has some new occupants this week as yet another block is finished, almost. Anyone interested in starting a pool to pick the date that the last student moves into the townhouses should talk to Mike Lavelle.

Tuzo will not be around the College for a while. He has recently left on an expedition to the film the geological wonders of the world for a television series. "As the Continents Drift", a new

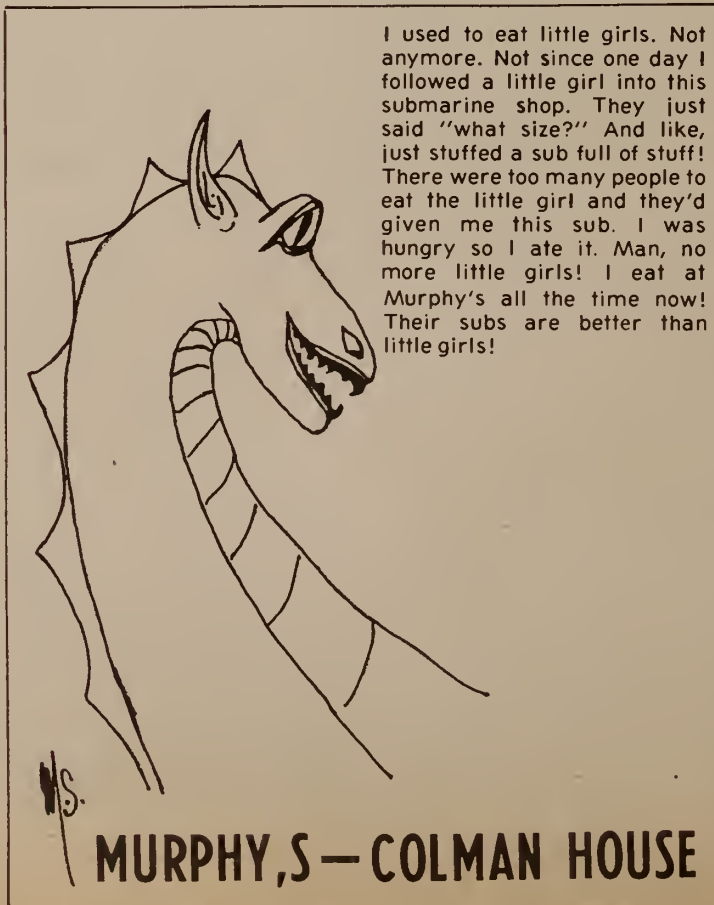
educational feature on the OECA station. It will be put together by Doc Wilson over the next few months. Will Asia and Australia collide in a cataclysmic crack-up? What secrets lie in the private lives of sedimentary rock? Such questions have stirred the minds of men and geologists for years. Rock freaks and laymen will find the series a fascinating experience, to say the least.

The Hustler's Handbooks will soon be available from the S.A.C. As usual they will contain the names, numbers and addresses of all the students in the University of Trawna.

One good thing about the Canteen of Canada vending service this year: They've eliminated the rubber tube steaks masquerading as hot dogs, as well as the hamburgers made from sawdust, toenail parings and poly-fila.

There is little truth to the rumour that opium has been introduced into the various exotic seasonings (salt) used by the kitchen staff. It is still difficult to explain why people keep subjecting themselves to the fare. The food in the Main Cafeteria has improved somewhat, although there is still room for improvement. The Preliminary Cafe and the Offending Machines are godawful. Why not limit the service in the Preliminary Building to good light lunches and abandon the evening service? Leave the Main Cafeteria open at nights for the dinners.

Enough about food. Man doth not live by bread alone. Beer is another matter. If people don't like the new pub atmosphere why don't they change it? Maybe the Sheridan Arts students can contribute some of their works to decorate the place. Myself, I don't believe that decoration is the only answer. People are the main source of



MURPHY'S — COLMAN HOUSE



# PEABODY

TO THE TRANSLUCENT FLUID  
IN THE ASH-TRAY  
OR  
SAY HELLO TO YOUR MOTHER

Definitions: concept: an idea, especially an abstraction drawn from the specific.  
pre: preliminary or preparatory work.

What is it with you people? Is it not possible for you to labour under anything else but pre-conceptions? All day long, all I hear from a multitude of people is value judgements. Snap opinions. First impressions. So many people are running in between street-car tracks, unable to get their rubber tire brains from between the restrictions. It's not raining. Why not steer better? Veer to the left or right, but get out of your rut.

I'm sick of it, to tell you the truth. "Fred is stupid, Vera is crazy, George is a fag, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. What is this? High school? Where is that great maturity that's constantly blasted in my ear? Is it not just as easy to accept and enjoy people's company, without expecting things from them? Why let your conceptions of people get in the way of knowing them?

Perhaps we should study how much pre-conceptions can get in the way of enjoying life. Let's take an easy example. A meets B. Easy enough, eh? B walks a little funny, talks a little weird, does crazy things with his hands. A looks at B. You're weird, he thinks. Aha! Pre-conception number one. True, on first meeting him, B probably does strike one as weird. But (now write this down) if you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tell him he's weird, what do you think his reaction will be? His reaction inside. People, people, why can't you think before you talk? Why give someone a sick, sinking feeling in his gut? Why foster a growth of hate, like some mould, within yourself and others?

I feel like I'm knocking my head against a wall. Who the hell out there is reading this? What the hell is a school paper preaching for?

ALMOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS IN  
AND  
AROUND ERINDALE  
NUMBER 14 IN A SERIES OF 25

A rare fossilized piece of wood, the famous Moon-Wood, was recently on show at Erindale College. Many of the students were not aware of its existence and great many more did not know where to look for it.

It's a prize for any avid "Moon-Wood" collector and conversational piece at outings and parties.

However, a few nights ago a band of foreign students (thought to be Engineers) decided to see how pliable this wood was. Note the word "was".

After snapping off all of the small delicate tap roots and finders, they decided it wasn't very elastic-like, and they left it.

Now the famous Moon-Wood doesn't look quite as beautiful but it does qualify as

ONE OF THE ALMOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS IN AND AROUND ERINDALE.

(PRESENT LOCATION: Off the cement walkway joining the Prelim and the Main, right next to the Swamp. You can't miss it.)

GALEN DAVID  
ERINDALE I

## ERINDALE SKI CLUB

- membership \$3.00
- room 1128
- from 11:00 - 1:00 Monday through Thursday

(ski pub coming SOON)



Why worry about the way people think about you? Why not just grow some thick corrugated alligator skin, put a bag over head and live life hiding from other people's venom?

Christ, I know I'm preaching, but this time I can't help it. I'm pained, by everyone hating each other, going through pre-conception after pre-conception. Layer upon layer. I want to see people enjoying life, not struggling through it. Yes, I know what you are all saying, now. Life isn't namby-pamby, life IS a struggle. Life is full of hardship, and disappointment, and pain. Let's face it, we can't expect some stuffed mattress to cushion every fall we take. But if we just take some time, if we just use some consideration, like the salt we sprinkle on our food, maybe the hardship, pain, ineptitude, even horror of life can somehow seem softer.

Before you speak the next time, before you insult or berate some fellow human being, before you include your pre-conceptions in your ill-considered speech, just think of this: Imagine that you are on the take instead of the give. Imagine that you are on the other side of your mouth. Imagine that the pain you so righteously deliver on your silver platters is pain that you are going to receive. Think, for God's sake, think.

Peabody.

## PANEL DISCUSSION

ENGLISH LITERATURE:

DO THE TEACHERS KNOW  
WHAT THEY ARE DOING  
AND WHY?

PANELISTS: Professors  
Rower, De Luca, and  
Adamowski  
TIME: 3:00 - 5:00 p.m.,  
October 24th  
PLACE: Room 264,  
Preliminary Building

(Audience Participation is  
Invited)



## JAMAICA

(during reading week)

Those people who are  
interested in  
experiencing this  
tropical paradise, come  
to the meeting in Room  
270 at 3:00 pm, Monday,  
October 29, 1973, to find  
out more details.

## RUNNING ON...

I've just picked up a few grumbles this week. Nothing earth-shattering - just big enough to give us something to talk about.

- a certain first year student wishes that his \$30 parking fee would be put towards paving the parking lot behind the Main Building. The Bug won't last through too many more of those potholes.

- a mink-coated lady was overheard bemoaning the condition of "those poor mistreated rats" in the Psychology exhibit at Open House.

- people are beefing about those who insist on "packing up" 10 minutes before a lecture is over. Those books, ski jackets, and paper bag lunches are hard to hear over. Sometimes the prof. is saying something interesting.

- the hike between the M.B. and the P.B. is getting some people down. How about a cute little train system, like they have at the Ex.???

- insults have been hurled towards the "fountain" in front of the Preliminary Building. I wonder - does it really look like what the guy with the Adidas and the briefcase said it looks like?



## BET YOU DID NOT KNOW

by Brother Bee

Beethoven, the World's greatest musician, was without doubt a dark mulatto. He was called "The Black Spaniard". His teacher, the immortal Joseph Haydn, who wrote the music of the former Austrian National Anthem, was "coloured" too.

WHITE AMERICAN SLAVE-HOLDERS USED TO INDUCE WHITE WOMEN TO MARRY BLACK SLAVES IN ORDER TO HOLD THE WOMEN SLAVES FOR LIFE.

Since 1460 A.D. or earlier, the Blacks of Seville, Spain, had been wearing in the religious procession on the feast of Corpus Cristi, a white robe and hood, strikingly like that used by the Ku Klux Klan, which originated 428 years later.

Dr. Daniel Williams, a Chicago black surgeon who died in 1931, was the first to perform a successful operation on the human heart.

The Mohammedans believe that Moses was a black man. Their Bible, the Koran, says so. God told Moses to put his hand into his bosom. The Koran says that it came out white. The commentators declare that Moses' hand could not have been white before, and that the miracle Jehovah intended was making the black skin white, and then turning it black again. The Septuagint, or Greek Bible, agrees with the Koran.

Proof offer to the doubting Thomas: \$500 reward to anyone who can refute any declared statement in this column. All correspondence to Brother Bee: BET YOU DID NOT KNOW c/o Erindalian.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL PUBBERS

DUE TO POSSIBLE VISITS FROM LCBO OFFICIALS  
THE FOLLOWING RULES HAVE BEEN  
INSTITUTED

1. NO BEER TO BE REMOVED FROM TABLES
2. NO BEER AT GAMES.
3. ALL GARBAGE IN TRASH CONTAINERS  
CIGARETTES IN ASH TRAYS.
4. SHOW UNIVERSITY CARDS AT DOOR.

THE WATERING HOLE IS TRYING TO GET ITS  
FULL  
TIME LICENSE. IF YOU CO-OPERATE THIS  
LICENSE WILL MEAN A LARGER PROFIT  
MARGIN WHICH WILL MEAN MORE GROUPS  
AND MORE INTERIOR DECORATION. SO PLEASE:  
FOLLOW THE RULES!



# CALL FOR 'LABATT'S BLUE'





by: P. **Reggae**

With a fog,  
He puffs,  
And winds along the shore,  
Green tinged.  
What if Eden  
Were his domain?  
"I could believe it."  
Or so you said, one day.  
I believed you then,  
What if I believe you now?

An emerald -edged tint,  
an obsidian pool,  
Wine against a candle,  
Yellow, pictured dots,  
Squint, and (there's) a trove,  
Water lilies.  
Your hair was long  
and you flicked it  
Turned your shoulders.  
Sun caught a strand  
Wrapped you up.  
"Can you be caught," you said  
I trussed up my shoulders,  
Felt like a man,  
"I'm caught, "I said.

A 'guana ne me caught,  
Teeth I saw, and long studied  
Faces.  
and slow speech, cool, rushing  
Smiles, stretched,  
Elastic bands of smiles,  
"We free mon, we Free,  
es mon, that's what it all  
bout."  
aha, so that's what it all  
bout."  
aha, so that's what Freedom is,  
you laughed.

What are you,  
going here?  
You're not even supposed  
to be.  
You're what freedom means to me.  
I can't stand injustice.  
Freedom is no injustice,  
but only,  
Selfishness.  
There's no such thing as Freedom,  
So what are you,  
doing here?



**WHAT IS LOVE**  
by: S. A. Nigosian

You ask me,  
"What is love?"  
Oh, how I wish  
I could explain,  
I want to say,  
"Love is a smile. . .!"  
But all smiles are not  
Reflections of love.  
I want to say,  
"Love is a kiss . . .!"  
But all kisses are not  
Feelings of love.  
I want to say,  
"Love is a hug. . .!"  
But all hugs are not  
Emotions of love.

I want to say,  
"Love is a look. . .!"  
But all looks are not  
Expressions of love.  
I want to say,  
"Love is a gentle touch. . .!"  
Ah! but gentle touches  
Can also be very deadly.  
So ask me once again,  
"What is love?"  
And I want to say  
"Love is like the sky!"  
"The sky is up there," you say!  
But where is "up there?"  
Up. . . ? Down. . . ? Simply relative.  
.. ?  
Love is like the sky!  
"The sky is blue," you say!  
But does the sky have a colour?  
Golden-Red. . . ? Blue . . . ? Just a  
reflection?  
Love is like the sky!  
"The sky I see," you say!  
But what do you really see?  
Something . . . ? Nothing . . . ? Maybe  
an illusion?  
Love is like the sky!  
Oh, why do you ask me,  
"What is love?"  
I can't even explain how  
Love is like the sky.



**TWO MINUS ONE**  
by Jack Reimer

Black swirling mist  
envelopes even the sun  
It is cold  
and my thoughts unclear  
a smile tries  
sometimes surfaces but is soon  
forgotten  
I am lonely here  
blackness pervades, easily  
persuades  
that life  
like a parade  
seems to be folly  
Time marches on . . . flies on  
forgotten by the roadside is a man  
It is me  
The mist cracks  
a gleam of light breaks  
I try to grasp it  
but the moment I reach  
It fades  
It is gone now  
Once there was contentment  
the path that was once, now is not  
I try  
but there is nothing really to follow  
Life like a river flows . . .  
but always down  
meaning and meanings are lost  
definitions can no longer be  
defined  
Something passes me  
It is falling. . .  
falling  
I grasp out  
I touch  
I feel  
I know now  
It is me.

# -CROAKER BULL-

LALANIE  
by: Gregg Michael Troy

When withdrawn to an emerald  
pond  
a lily blooms  
and follows the gentle current  
slowly  
a steady course  
beneath the sun  
sprouting steadily in  
summersowers  
always fragrant and fresh in lighter  
air  
The pace quickens  
the flower disappears  
through coloured mist  
and falls to land on Lalnies tender  
breast  
Resplended Lalanie  
under rainbow water - fall  
where she bathes  
immaculate form  
shining  
a moon within a starless sky  
she lies  
white reflections rippled in bright -  
green  
Assessing love,  
a squaw man's desire  
and dreams of seedlings sprouting  
ecstasy  
Lalanie smiles  
a special invitation sent  
alas a less - satisfied paragon  
she waits  
Near the shore  
the lillies bud has blown  
it's body still deformed  
weak  
it finally sinks  
down  
down to the pond's decaying floor



**A POEM BY:** Gregg Michael Troy

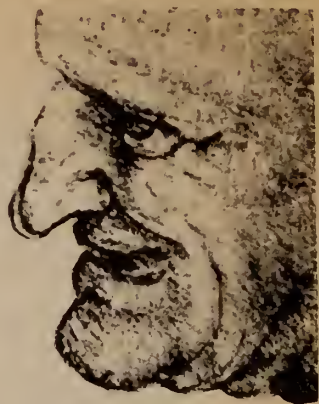
Forever and always  
I will be deceived  
by what man remittingly refers  
to as his nature.  
For basic constitutions  
modify my spirit  
and lessen it's  
degree of freedom  
until  
I am no more, than  
a routine object,  
subjected to the laws  
of your mind.  
And when I look ahead,  
closing my weak eyes  
to the summer sun,  
breathing in the closeness,  
that comes with humid air.  
I dream ahead,  
mentally constructing  
my future,  
in a world less demanding  
of uniformity,  
and more conforming  
to those principals  
of which  
I hold fast to,  
and of which  
separates me from the  
sterile realism  
of our time.  
With dreams now accomplished,  
and goals positively set,  
my eyes,  
grubby with sleep,  
open  
to find you all  
standing about my rest.  
Surgeons you've become.  
Sharpening your scalples  
in the palms of your hands.  
Looking down at me,  
always down,  
and always with that same hideous  
smile,

that plays  
about the corners of your mouth.  
"What do you want of me?"  
I ask,  
the tone of my voice shaking  
into passive resistance.  
"Your TOTAL submission to  
the canons of communal  
belief. -- you reply.  
"We offer you your innocence  
in exchange for your supercilious  
individuality,  
which offends the whole and  
majority of us all.  
Concede.  
Concede those distinct  
characteristics  
which mark you anomalous  
to the nature of our lives,  
and threatening to the  
law and order  
which protects us  
from ourselves.  
Conform.  
Conform to the smoothness  
of concurring consistancy,  
Conform.  
Derelict  
and with no resolution  
but to totally adapt  
myself to values not my own,  
all seems alone,  
all is nothing now.  
Silence occurs between us,  
and looking up into your eyes  
I see animosity engendered  
to it's highest pitch.  
"Why?" I ask.  
"Why do exerceate against  
all of my values  
simply because they are  
incongruous to yours,  
rather than objecting to  
a few of my considerations  
because of a definite contrast.

You are silent, except  
for the dissention that  
echoes throughout the air.  
"I cannot conform totally.  
Allow me  
some freedom of choice.  
For if you enslave my  
independence grossly,  
lessening the medative  
margins of my mind.  
I will become nothing  
more than a marionette,  
parroting the vocabulary  
of your thought.  
Do you hear me?



I can be nothing without  
this liberty."  
I pause a moment,  
and looking up into  
the sky,  
I scan the firmament,  
fixing my eyes on the  
setting sun  
whose radiance  
did produce the resin  
in trees  
which Socrates once druank



"I am nothing. -- I whisper,  
Like you,  
who filter  
straight lined,  
straight laced  
through crowded avenues  
front to back you follow,  
face to ass you walk,  
stepping in the excetion  
of your leaders,  
fertilizing your minds  
with this waste."  
All this I whisper to a  
dying wind,  
whose last breath is  
wasted on scattering a  
collection of decayed  
leaves.

front to back you follow,  
face to ass you walk,  
steeping in the excetion  
of your leaders,  
fertilizing your minds  
with this waste."  
All this I whisper to a  
dying wind,  
whose last breath is  
wasted on scattering a  
collection of decayed  
leaves.

Firm  
and more direct now,  
I look into your face  
and ask.  
"Having the negative  
character of which you  
think I have,  
and your overseer  
the prerogative  
personality you know  
him to have.  
What would your answer  
be,  
should he order my death  
and soon after,  
my head to be sliced  
from my body,  
my stomach ripped so  
that my entrails would  
drag upon the ground.  
my arms pulled from their  
sockets, and being  
bound separate, look  
as though their single  
occupation was prayer,  
and to have my body  
so totally distorted  
that even the birth  
stained eyes of my mother,  
would have no comparison  
of memory  
no recognition  
of what was once was her son.

What would  
your answer be? Speaking  
from what you are  
what would  
your answer be? Speaking  
as a capsulated specimen  
of life."  
Your anguish subsides  
for the moment,  
your forehead becomes  
a frown.  
"If my overseer so  
ordered,  
it would be for the  
benefit and protection  
of the majority."  
"A deteterant?" I ask.  
"Yes." you reply.

"Murder is then a deterant  
for murder." I add to myself.  
"And what . . ." I continue, more  
loudly now. "If I should tell  
you that I was never conceived,  
my mother a virgin  
and my home,  
a universal setting  
unknown to a human life."  
"Enough."  
"What."



"Enough." you screech,  
and raise your blades  
above my head.  
"But if I was . . ."  
"But you are not,  
are not  
are not. -- The  
words echoing in my mind.  
"And I never was."  
I whisper. "But why  
. . ." I stop, losing my  
train of thought. "But  
why must I be sacrificed?"  
"We have been through this.."

"Then I was born to die."  
"What?" you ask.  
"I was born to die. -- and looking  
into your faces I serach for  
compassion.  
"You could have conformed." --  
you reply.



tonight of all nights  
by: Kurzaau

screaming indignities into utter  
space,  
volatile garbage of meteoric  
proportions  
encapsuled in hardened flesh,  
strangest beasts dwell within

mighty tombs of the doomed  
fluorescent entourage  
engage the primevil,  
concrete-incased

interpreters of catastrophe  
mute verbage spews  
out their sordid  
egotism.



Poem  
by: William Forester

While most females ignore  
me you smiled and  
were friendly. You, of all  
women, a most exquisite  
example of beautiful art  
did not even  
have to notice.  
But you shone your face my way  
and while  
I sat enraptured by  
your beauty you smiled.



Le Coeur Silencieux  
by: JUDY FINKLE

Je te regarde fixement  
Tu me dis toujours,  
"Je t'aime"  
Je deteste les mots vides  
Je ris  
Tu ne m'offres pas de sourire  
Tu ne dis rien  
Mais je sais bien  
que ton coeur a beaucoup a dire  
Qu'est ce que c'est donc  
Ce silence?

Tu as peur;  
de moi, peut-etre  
de l' amour.  
Ton coeur saigne.  
Pourquoi ne me le donnes -tu pas?  
Je pleure.  
Je te quitte  
avec une priere sur les levres.



a poem  
by: m. shakespeare

The icy chill of weariness  
settles over me  
on my journey of a hundred  
parsecs.  
Alone in my world I travel  
at a post relativity velocity -  
the stars stretch, shrink and  
change colours.  
Hearless machinery carrying  
a lone heart - metal wrapped  
about flesh - skin about skin,  
my protection  
and my chariot  
propelled by invisible fire.



PLEASE  
by: anonymous

Reach out, touch someone  
Make them unafraid  
Be friends with strangers

Until this is done  
The world we have made  
Will fore'er shed tears



A POEM  
by: Brian  
Within every noise there breathes  
an infinite silence  
here we be  
silent  
listening  
waiting for that pause between  
words  
i feel the silence in your eyes  
and you mine  
we breathe together  
silent



Poem  
by: Scott Matthews  
Uncle Sam's a grasser  
High upon his peak.  
He shout's shaving cream  
on the people, who make  
lemon marangue pies  
out on their roads, using  
dead cars for the crust  
and for filling they use  
the pus that people spout  
at people and Uncle Sam's  
whipped topping. Then they  
spoon-feed each other this  
crap and if they swallow something  
wholesome the others make  
him puke it out and then stomp  
on it until its dead.

'CLOY  
by: Gerimie M. Toal

Christ...  
had I felt like this before, poison surely would have flowed  
through my viens and these troubled thoughts would have  
ceased.  
They tell me ...  
that life is the most precious thing I have.  
They lie ...  
they have alswys lied

When I was a young man and working for a living, a customer  
caught me rushing about my duties. Laughing slyly he shook his  
head and accused me of being ambitious. I shall never forgive  
him for his misconception.

Misconception?  
The solvent denominator uner contradiction.  
And always the peoples of the world spend endless time  
apologizing for what their eyes had never seen.  
Yesterday afternoon I listened to Professor William Harris  
lecture on the virtues of academic socialism. Last night my  
friends and I were paid to assist him move into his new dream  
house.

At home I found my room-mate listening to Bach. When he saw  
me he smiled shyly and quickly changed the channel - he grew  
unhappy ...

and later died a coward in Vietnam.  
Not long ago I attended my first funeral and through the sobs  
and tears of selfish strangers heard a final mass.

Why do people cry a funerals?  
Is it emotional sorrow for the dead ...  
or is it a reminder of their own mortality?  
On the battle field I distinctly heard a cow's bell, and all the  
while my companions fell like cattle.  
Why am I among the living? This being the last thing I wanted

...  
death being the last thing I shalldo.  
So which is it? Which one offers the more?  
To live is only but to die.  
To die they say ...  
is to live in a stranger way.  
And yet, they lie ...  
they have always lied.



poem  
by: m. shakespeare

Just too griggin' much,  
I can't take it,  
I'm flashing like you wouldn't believe sometimes  
lately—Christ last week I almost dropped  
my mind through the back of my head, but I managed  
to stop after 900 light years to travel and pulled  
back from the edge of whatever it was.



To Sharon: anonymous

When it's quiet,  
And porous,  
When the trees  
With bark,  
Black as a bottomless pool,  
Stare out of a white sky,  
When I feel,  
limp,  
And I need a smile  
Cherub smile  
Will you come over for tea?  
Will you play Van Morrison?  
Will you float with me in the  
clouds?  
Will you?

When it's noisy,  
And crowded,  
When the people  
With voices,  
Rankling as a squad of geese  
In the sprinkling of a spring rain  
When I feel  
jaded,  
And I need a haven,  
templed haven,  
Will you play the Zen monk?  
Will you purse your lips?  
Will you walk with me in silence?  
Will you?

When there's no way to tomorrow,  
When I'm filled with stifled pains,  
When I'm full of fury,  
Wave-like fury,  
Fresh and whistling through my  
mind  
Will you be my Egyptian eye?  
Will you be my old wizened friend?  
Will you wear your army boots?  
Will you be soft and womanly?  
Need I ask again?



The Government Surveyor -  
Waterton Park  
by: GIOIA

The feet of waterton man  
grip the earth  
in the colour of tan.

He is a man  
A man of the dirt  
With shoulders of strength  
He studies the length and the  
breadth  
Of his earth

Heart of stone  
For he loves the ferocious  
Rips of the land  
The mountains and forest.  
The land  
So grand.

Head held high  
And his eyes reflect upwards  
Towards the blue of the sky  
Lifts his head high  
High  
So high  
He will fly  
So will I  
With him



CROAKER  
BULL:  
wishes to extend it's  
appreciation for  
all those who have contributed  
to the Erindalian

If you would like to submit  
your works for publication,  
please address them in care of  
Gregg Michael Troy (Fiction  
Editor), and drop them off in  
either the Erindalian News  
Office or in S.A.G.E. Office  
(Erindalian drop box).

# 'CROAKER BULL:

proudly announces the creation  
of it's newest department

# 'PROFILE:

A subsidiary of, and working in cooperation with the  
Fiction Department, PROFILE will be a series of indepth  
interviews, examining some of the more porvocative  
minds employed by the University of Toronto.  
The following is a subject list of up and coming PROFILE  
interviews:  
Preview: Oct. 23rd.....Urjo Kareda  
Oct. 30th.....JoAnne Dutka  
Nov. 6th.....Mike Lavelle  
Nov. 13th.....Noel Moore



# ENTERTAINMENT

## THE MOVIES

by James Fullard

### 'STATE OF SEIGE'

Have you ever had the gut feeling that what you were being told was the truth? Something about sincerity perhaps but more likely the intolerable situations that surrounds what you are experiencing.

To put it mildly, Costa-Gravas' newest film, STATE OF SEIGE is the most skillfully and calmly executed utter damnation of American foreign policy I have ever faced on the screen or anywhere else.

STATE OF SEIGE is based on the true series of events that surround the kidnapping and eventual assassination of the American, Phillip Michael Santori and of the kidnapping of the Brazilian diplomat. While the actual country in which the film takes place is never mentioned, it is implied that Chile is the host country. STATE OF SEIGE dissects the urban guerilla network and presents a detailed, if somewhat biased picture of the small army of men and women that are involved in the drama. Like a shadow, the film follows the sophisticated plans of Santori, (played by the European actor of countless pictures, Yves Montand) his transport through his interrogation by his captors and finally to his death. Through a format of intensive examination the film builds up a mountain of damning evidence against Santori who changes from the unassuming agent for the fake Agency for International Development into a cold and brutal trainer for South American police against revolutionary action.

The film's impact is twofold. Firstly it stands, to some, as a suspense movie and secondly, and vastly more importantly, as a political essay on the Latin American crisis. Personally, I considered it as a suspense film for about three minutes. This is different from Costa-Gravas other

film, Z, which was an excellent thriller. STATE OF SEIGE has no surprise plot, the distinction between the 'good guys' and the 'bad guys' has become fuzzy. Reality has crept in like a mould and has dissolved the veneer of movie finish and left it standing as a pure and incredibly bitter political comment. Comment doesn't sound right though . . . perhaps scream would be better.

Costa-Gravas has taken the skill of writer Franco Solinas ("Battle of Algiers"), the simple earth music of Mikis Theodorakis, the unnerving talent of Yves Montand and the determination of his own beliefs and delivered to the North American audience a film as subtle as napalm.

Which leads to a critical question. Once the scope of a film transcends from the secure simplicity of a fictional shocker to the lonely level of a social or political oration, how can we trust the facts that the movie is trying to put forward? Costa-Gravas has claimed, recently, that he spent a number of months in South America researching the story before he made the film. How many months? How intense was the research?

Yet even when these questions are not answered we are faced with the almost unbelievable poignancy of Costa-Gravas' work. STATE OF SEIGE was assisted by Salvador Allende (the former Chilean President) in a hope of exposing the American involvement in right-wing activity in Chile. Four days after the film was released in Toronto, the Chilean coup erupted and Allende was dead. I am personally struck dumb with this chilling accuracy in Costa-Gravas' genius. We can only depend on his integrity to maintain truth in his films.

God help us if he doesn't . . . God help us if he does.



"Yves Montand in the new film by Costa Gavras, "STATE of SEIGE"

## THEATRE AND MUSIC

by Harrie Vredenburg

### EXCELLENT CABARET SHOW AT POOR ALEX

The Group of Seven and the Case of the Glowing Pine is the all-Canadian comedy show . . . except that two of its four writers are American). The show, which opened last week at the Poor Alex, is a fast-moving, hilarious, comedy cabaret which kept the entire sold-out audience roaring with laughter. The writers and directors, Bill Peters, John McAndrew, Joe Grifasi, and Jim Burt, concocted a mix of just the right pieces of Canadiana to make the show a success.

The show consists of a series of sketches and mini-epics, featuring "The Group of Seven and The Case of the Glowing Pine", a great Canadian tale involving Canada's own Group of Seven painters and their fearless leader, Tommy Thomson (naturally, the good guys) and their opponents, two evil, conniving, quick-buck dudes from the "States". Other sketches in the show include "Canada at War", a

look at our Canadian troops being briefed by a United States Marine Corps sergeant from Buffalo, N.Y.; "Canada at Peace", a look at Canadian peace-keeping forces in Viet Nam, and their problems keeping a "Canadian identity" (as a Yankee prisoner); and a hilarious comic sketch called "It Could Have Happened". This sentimental documentary is narrated (in genuine Canadian accent) by a Mountie played by Paul-Emile Frappier; the topic, our very own Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The documentary suggests unimaginable events, that could have happened had it not been for our Mounties, such as: citizens of Manitoba NOT being protected from Nazis and Metis pushing everyone around, Rosemary in the Northwest Territories NOT having Steve, the Mountie, for moral support, and the case of Mr. Labatt's kidnapping (yes, OUR beer) having to be solved by inadequate and helpless local police forces.

The show is just packed with Canadian humour, not heavy political stuff, but sentimental remembrances of "Our Canada". Throughout the show we find such long-forgotten parts of our Canadian heritage as Beehive Golden Corn Syrup, Templeton's T.R.C.'s and Father Breboeuf and his Huron Indians (not to mention, of course, the CBC).

The two Canadian writer-directors of the cabaret show, McAndrew and Peters, have worked for the past four years, since their graduation from the University of Toronto, at the Yale Drama School. While at the Drama School, and the Yale Repertory Theatre, the two Canadians collaborated with the American co-writers of the new show, Grifasi and Burt. Much of the comic style, that makes their new show, was evolved at the Yale Cabaret, of which McAndrew and Peters were artistic directors.

## RADIO ERINDALE PRESENTS:

### A RADIO REVIEW

CHEECH and CHONG - LOS COCHINOS - A&M RECORDS

The third album by Cheech and Chong has a few funny spots. It might be worth listening to when played sparingly on Radio-Erindale but I could think of countless other ways to spend five bucks.

GLENN GOULD'S 1st RECORDING OF GRIEF and BIZET: COLUMBIA

There is a good audience for classical music at Erindale and his album will be pleasing to those ears. This excellent Canadian artist interprets Grieg's sonata and two works by Bizet very candidly on his piano. The album is totally piano solo and "heavy" in this regard.

BILL MEDLEY - SMILE - A&M RECORDS

You'll probably remember his

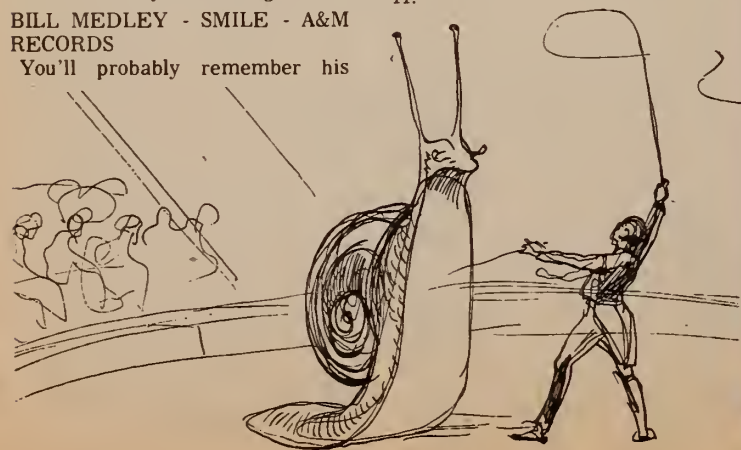
deep mellow voice from the Righteous Brothers. Well, it's not mellow anymore. He sounds something like David Clayton Thomas now out with the guts. The band even has the same sort of sound as the bands behind D. C. Thomas. He didn't overly impress me but it isn't a bad record.

LIGHTHOUSE - CAN YOU FEEL IT - G.R.T. RECORDS

Lighthouse is a good solid group. They can take the loss of Bob McBride in stride. The songs are all good and done well.

DOUG MILLS

"You can hear Doug Mills on Radio Erindale Wednesdays 9 to 11."



"Tommy Thomson (right) is confronted with bad guy from the "States".



# "10 WOMEN, 2 MEN AND A MOOSE"

A special student rate of \$1 per ticket will constitute the best theatrical bargain for Erindale students this year when Mia Anderson brings her one-woman show, 10 Women, 2 Men and a Moose here November 15.

The two-hour show played to rave reviews at Toronto's St. Lawrence Playhouse last January. It won the same kind of kudos at the new Lennoxville Festival in Quebec, the preceding summer.

Star drama critic Urjo Kareda, who is also a professor of English at Erindale College, feels that Mia Anderson "is an actress of great resourcefulness and lucidity, with a flexible range which allows her the luxury of a variety of roles."

The outstanding art of her performance, however, is the use of her own voice as a musical instrument. Kareda and other reviewers have agreed that she has remarkable gifts as a story-teller, that she can spellbind and create moods at will, and that the extraordinary technique she has for portraying her material through her voice is remarkable in that the impact is there without the audience being aware of the technique itself.

Miss Anderson's one-woman show grew out of her interest in first, poetry, then modern poetry, then Canadian poetry, then poetry by Canadian women. She's using

material of the same authors this year - Margaret Laurence, Margaret Atwood, Marian Engel, Ethel Wilson, Gwendolyn MacEwen, Violet Anderson (her mother), and more - but it's all new.

In recent years Miss Anderson has been acting primarily in Montreal, where her performances in Genet's The Maids, Frank Marcus' The Killing of Sister George and John Guare's The House of Blue Leaves have brought her recognition as one of Canada's most interesting actresses.

Kareda adds: "She possesses, too, the kind of literary authority and intelligence which establishes a quick identification with her material. She left the U. of T. after three years to study acting and to perform in London, returning after four years to finish up her academic career at the very top of her class."

She formed close working relationships with a number of Canadian writers and began to develop as a specialist in this field.

Miss Anderson's stop at Erindale November 15 will be the only one in the metro area. In fact the only one on this tour, between Kingston and London, Ontario. Don't miss the chance to catch the show. Tickets are available now from June Shane, in the Principal's Office, Room 3137. Non-students pay \$2.50.

Show time is 8 p.m., Thursday, November 15.



"Mia Anderson of 10 Women, 2 Men and a Moose."

## Opening house

Continued from P. 2  
necessary to University life.

Davis was in a strangely humorous mood. Thoroughly aimed at an audience prepared for a politically-ridden, promise-conscious speech, no one was really surprised. Erindale's capacity for community involvement was stressed by all the speakers, who seemed conscious of the invariable bull-shit of the whole affair. It was a pleasant enough affair though, making an old-campus horse feel some kind of pride for his now important school. Erindale was described as the "tangible results of government spending". And so, with Davis's "best wishes", he had the "honour" to open this new facility.

In case you didn't know, Erindale is one of the "academically finest schools in North America". It has a "degree of social investment and a degree of academic excellence" attained by the finest schools on this continent. An investment of twenty-nine million dollars has been poured

into Erindale, twenty-eight of that by the province. What a perfect opportunity for Davis to tell the unsuspecting populace that educational spending has not been cut-down, rather it has been increased to include the Erindale campus.

J. Tuzo Wilson expressed the desire to create an arborium which would include 150 native trees and a fair amount of foreign trees to be grown on an area of the campus. It is a known fact that the main objective of Erindalian faculty is to sustain and complement the environment. We can all be proud of this and indeed applaud the administration for its stand in this affair. One of the nicest things about Erindale is indeed its setting which enhances the academic atmosphere rather than detracts.

Well, now we are a community involved, arborium riddled, investment by the government of Ontario, who through the goodness of their hearts has supplied North America with a really fine

Continued from P. 8

George Brown relied on their starting five for most of the game and only in the last of the fourth quarter sent in the back-up crew. The final score of the game was 82-50 or thereabouts.

The final score is questionable as there were at least three different versions. The official scorekeeper, the statistician, and the Erindalian reporter did not agree on the score. I saw at least one George Brown basket recorded on the scoreboard which was disallowed, as well as a couple of Erindale baskets that were not marked on the official sheet.

It's difficult to assess the potential of the team from their first game. George Brown will be coming to Erindale in the second term for an exhibition game and Lavelle is confident that by that time Erindale will improve enough to beat them by thirty points. The Erindale attitude towards the game is more along the lines of team play than superstar action. If they do improve and undoubtedly they will, Erindale may look forward to exciting basketball. The next game will be this Thursday at Humber College. See you at the game.

-PETER SMITH

## Declassified Ads

\* Removal of unwanted hair - Write Yul Brynner c/o Hollywood, Calif.

\* Typewriters Anonymous: Compulsive writers are encouraged to contact M. Shakespeare in the Erindalian Office.

\* Pumpkin. Anyone willing to donate one to Murphy's for the

end of the month please contact Bill or Bud of Murphy's.

\* Room for rent. Comfortable floor for sleeping. Food machines in building next door. All night music provided. Apply Box 675940315122 c/o Erindalian.

\* Financial report of the Gal-Trans Corp. now available. Write Galactic Transportation Corp., Head Office, Antares IV, Port City.

P.O. Box 17, Erindalian Office.

\* Executive, 38, wishes companion for socializing and dishwashing. Female, age 18-35, fun worker. Write Box 21 c/o Erindalian.

\* Want to quit smoking? Get a job where you can't smoke. That's what I did. Smokey the Bear.

\* George. All is forgiven. Forget the divorce. John.

\* If anybody needs me, I'm listed in the Yellow Pages under Creative Playthings. Leo.

\* Is the Physics Dept. in the Research Wing experimenting with anti-gravity? If not, why are the trees tied down?

## PERSONALS

\* Stoned? Depressed? Phone 826-4273 for a cosmic giggle.

\* Virgil, where in hell are you? - D. Aligheri.

\* I have great faith in large cities, they hold the contents down - Tuzp

\* Don't pick up anything you can't carry, Toto. I don't think we're in Kansas anymore. - Dorothy.

\* Study a broad. Exciting and stimulating learning experiences available. Write

## LOST & FOUND

\* Lost in the vicinity of the Main Cafeteris, two feet of alimentary canal.

\* Lost. One false ear. Reward V. Van Gosh.

# Honks attempt to hit Luna

Under the direction of Marsall Fyodor Pelech of the Ukrainian Lunatic Research Foundation, Turkey One was launched in the Main Building of the Erindale Campus of the University of Toronto. The launch site was chosen for its topological features and the proximity to the resources needed in the construction of the vehicle.

The helium powered unit was tested for three hours under various conditions for thrust, lift and ballast. At the last minute, Pelech, who holds a degree in Animal Husbandry and Astrology from the International School of

Correspondence, decide to minimize the weight factor by removing one of the balloons.

Unfortunately, the vehicle did not reach a height greater than that of the Meeting Place skylight. The tough space age substance proved to be too strong for the Turkey to break through. At last report it has returned to earth, suffering from fuel losses.

"We're still not discouraged," stated Pelech. "One of our bright fellows has suggested that we tie rocks to the top of the balloons in order to break through the barrier."

# L'INOUBLIABLE SOIREE FRANÇAISE

En effet, ce n'est pas tout le jour qu'un article française apparait dans le journal hebdomadaire: l'Erindalienne (traduction foudroyante, n'est pas?).

Passons! Si cette semaine-ci l'audacité m'a poussé à vous étaler quelques mots de mauvais français, c'est partiellement dû à la fameuse soirée française, tenue deux semaines de cela. Par Saint-Sulpice! Pour un événement, c'en était un... un sans précédent encore!

En ce soir-là, la salle 161, j'avoue en catholique croyant, était réellement méconnaissable. La lumière électrique s'absentait. A la place dansaient ça et là des bouties rouges dont l'anémique clarté métamorphosait votre physionomie en celle d'un loup-garou ou d'une sorcière. On se croirait facilement en pleine cabale aux confins de la Transylvanie.

Cependant, le tourne-disque tournait. On s'affairait avec des disques, sortis de je ne sais quel sale grenier. Mais hélas, quelle cacophonie! On perséverait à l'aide d'un magnétophone. C'était pis. Deux individus, par la suite, entamaient une espece de danse: Léo Mad-Hore, avec La Danse Des Invalides; Patrikos Bastardo, avec

celle De La Démence. Sont-ils vraiment à blâmer? La musique (soi-disant française) se rapprochait beaucoup tantôt au tam-tam, tantôt à cette 69ième symphonie de Fokfok, dit Le Tendre Casseur. Et quand je pense maintenant à Nannesi, la masculine blonde qui voulait tellement valser de cet air-là... Bah! "La Charogne" de Baudelaire n'aurait sûrement pas inspiré d'aussi pire "spleen" à ce moment-là.

A un moment donné, Laitda, une frivole appétissante, réclamait en fière aristocrate du vin de Bordeaux. On ne répondait que par la Oktober-fesse. Elle boudait. La mousse d'Oktober-fesse, la rassurait-on, fait gonfler Le Plaisir Parisien.

Onze heures sonnaient. Les ventres criaient famine. Très vite, la révolte fut étouffée par une charge de fromage. Coup de théâtre! Dénouement tragique! Certains Nobles se tordaient de colique, maints Bourgeois de Diarrhée. Bref, tous se plaignaient d'une odeur scabieuse de bouc et de chèvre, laquelle s'émanait malgré soi-même d'haleine en haleine. On s'étonnait. On se questionnait d'un air naïf. Queue crasse ignorance en somme!

Croyant venir à la recousse, la Grave Présidente et ses acolytes féminines entonnaient la fameuse: "Enfant De La Patrie". Or, la salle 161 se dévidait déjà à perte de vitesse de ses degnes patriotes. L'étrange arôme s'entêtait tant

malicieusement. Et ce fut l'historique retraite de ces Braves Français fuyant une France plus puante qu'une latrine. Lors de ce chaos, on entendit même scander un vers incomplet faute de l'air pur: "Pauvres Poumons Pourris Pissant Par Delà... etc., etc."

Refusant la moindre défaite, nos défenseuses de la Bell France s'attaquaient maintenant à la très chantée: "I Love Paris In The Springtime". Mais mon copain Italien Sexio, loin d'être un vicieux, jura d'une voix de Stentore: "Vaffannekou...".

Celles-là se défendaient désespérément avec une émouvante "Vive La France!" Peine perdue! Vain effort! Espoir désastreux!... car là-bas au fond, la grande gueule d'un saouillard cynique cracha en guise de riposte finale un: "A BAS LE CLUB DE FEMINISTES!"

Une soirée française... Tuparles N. B. PROCHAIN EPISODE: PICNIC VIRGINAL.

BY, Mark Li.

## Warriors Win Twice

Late Buletin

Our Lacrosse Warrior won two games this week to bolster their total to 4 wins and 2 defeats. Their first game last Tuesday was won by default, Thursday they came back and destroyed Devonshire House 9-3 on a 5 goal effort by Wayne Sterrit and Mike Taillon who scored 4 goals. Game details next Edition. - Bob Wallace



